

Clerical Club.

1797 (1797) 1811

4
91252

O D E

TO THE

LIVERY OF LONDON,

ON THEIR PETITION TO HIS MAJESTY FOR KICKING OUT
HIS WORTHY MINISTERS.

— *Quo ruitis, scelesti?* HOR.

ALSO

AN ODE TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS,

ON THE REPORT OF HIS ELEVATION TO THE IMPORTANT DIGNITY OF
A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

— *Optat Ephippia Bos.*

He becomes Honours as a Sow does a Saddle. PROVERBS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A JEREMI-AD TO GEORGE ROSE, Esq.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN WALKER, N^o 44, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

MDCXCVII.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence..

[Entered at Stationers-hall.]

① ② ③

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637
U.S.A.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637
U.S.A.

O D E

TO THE

LIVERY OF LONDON.

WHY, where the devil are ye rushing?

Thus to St. James's rudely pushing,

To force the King to turn out PITT, poor youth!

The *open* JENKINSON, the *blushful* ROSE;

DUNDAS, too, on whom Heav'n bestows

Cart-loads of modesty and truth!

B

IF

If aught I know of QUEENS and KINGS,
Their GRACES will do no such things.
And who are *you*, in impudence so strong?
Know ye the rev'rence due to Thrones?
Down, Knaves, upon your marrow-bones,
As PRINCES never yet were in the *wrong*.

Ye think ye make a King and Queen
As CRISPIN makes a shoe, I ween ;
And think, like humble shoes, too, ye may wear 'em :
Ye feel, by this time, I suppose,
That those same shoes can gall your toes,
And find your corns not much inclin'd to bear 'em.

Old SOLOMON, of Wisdom the great King,

Declareth, there's a time for *ev'ry thing*—

Metinks he might have left out *impudence* :

For who should have the impudence to say,

That LIVERYMEN, compos'd of *common clay*,

Should boast to *Sovereigns* their superior sense ;

Inform them that their MINISTERS tell lies,

Are raggamuffins, wicked, and unwise ?

IMPERTINENCE gets ground, I greatly fear ;

Such things are said as I can scarcely bear :

With insolence the PEOPLE tax poor PITT ;

Now this is cruel!—'tis the poor man's *nature*,

As natural as for fish to cleave the water,

Monkeys to grin, dogs howl, and cats to spit.

Whoever knew a PITT that had humility?
Fling on the *blood*, then, all the *culpability*;
Since 'tis well known to all, that PITT and PRIDE
Are dove-tail'd—join'd as close as bones and hide!

The world abuseth ROSE in language rude,
For ignorance and base ingratitude,
And meanness; but 'tis cruel thus to flash—
The man had never any education—
The poorest tag-rag of the Scottish Nation;
Born in a stye, and, hog-like, fed on *wash*.

For Gratitude's a sentiment that springs
'Midst *Gentlefolks* and *Nobles*, *Queens* and *Kings*!

Like

Like pine-apples, whom foil the richest fruits ;
For pine-apples ne'er grow on cold, raw clay,
But fat manure, amid the solar ray,
That darts its golden influence to their roots.

What impudence, alas! to say,

“ Sire, we resolve to have our way ;

“ And be it known,

“ We'll have no levee-tricks, indeed,

“ And our petition we will read ;

“ And you shall hear it on the throne !

“ This is our right by law accounted ;

“ So, pray your Majesty, get mounted.”

C

Such

Such is the faucy language ye have utter'd ;
Which proves ye know not how your bread is butter'd.

At such rude treatment, GRANDEUR winces !

So far I'll take the part of Princes—

Monstrous ! they have been scandalously treated ;

Basted by faucy verse and prose—

God knows,

Dear souls ! like bears by ruffian bull-dogs baited !

Poor LOUIS forc'd to run away,

Poor ARTOIS, not inclin'd to stay,

From France, like some hard-hunted badger, haft'neth ;

Now billeted upon the Scots ;

Sad fates ! yea, most unpleasant lots !

But whom the Lord doth love, behold, he *chast'netb* !

Thus is the Bible in their favour ;

Yet MIS'RY breeds an ugly favour ;

She smells of musty rags, and dirt, and nits—

I won't say bugs, and itch, and lice,

Wishing for ever to be nice,

As nicety a well-bred MUSE befits :

And yet it is a truth most *melancholly*,

That MIS'RY'S often the weak child of FOLLY.

PRINCES are blest with such a *dove-like* nature !
Their hearts compos'd of such nice ductile matter,
Turning like potter's clay to *any* forms !
But for their *subjects* !—heav'ns ! *their* hearts are rock ;
Their manners, borrow'd from the pig-stye, shock ;
Their shapes, rank Calibans ; their voices, storms !

Mild are the souls of Princes, like new cheese !
And, like the cheese, of milk the simple child,
Too often suffer a *confounded squeeze*
From subjects by *equality* defil'd ;
Who look with rapture on their grinning GRACES,
Enjoying their sad torments and wry faces.

But

But why and wherefore, I can't tell the grounds;
No, verily, my wisdom can't determine,
Why subjects should become a pack of hounds,
And hunt their Sovereign Lords like *stinking* vermin;
For no one needs (I'm very sure) be told,
Their souls are cast in NATURE's sweetest mould.

No, no; they are not polecats, pretty creatures!
Choak not the NATION's chicks, nor suck its eggs!
Pleas'd with whate'er is *giv'n* (such *gentle* natures),
Each Prince with so much sweetness *bows* and begs!
No, never *kite-like* on a Subject *soufes*,
And, *sweeping*, carries off his lands and houses!

D

“ *There's*

“ *There’s odds in Gossips,*” says an old adage,
Forgotten, ah! in this degenerate age :
Subjects from fair decorum widely wander !
Now ev’ry tradesman lifts his dirty nose ;
His teeth each working, poor mechanic shows,
And cries, “ What’s fauce for *goose* is fauce for *gander* !”

Thus, by the impudence of rogues and fools,
Are lofty Thrones converted to joint-stools !
C— christen’d Fool’s-caps—sceptres turn’d to sticks ;
A —— smile proclaim’d an idiot grin ;
A —— a jack-afs in a lion’s skin ;
Courts, puppet-shows ; and *Rev’rence*, monkey-tricks!—

Tricks of a mean, submissive clan,

That shame the dignity of MAN.

There's not an Englishman, I do suppose,

That would not from his office kick *poor* ROSE,

And on his *honest earnings* lay his pats ;

Eke on DUNDAS's, JENKINSON's, *poor* souls !

And *eke* from *humble* RICHMOND tear his coals,

A * King's black present to his blacker brats.

Nor is there one who would not break, alack !

Our LORD MAYOR's wooden leg about his back !

Thus

* CHARLES the SECOND's Tax upon Coals, for the benefit of his Bastards.

Thus is P^{OLITENESS} turn'd a clown—

W^{ISDOM} in Gothic gloom benighted—

The world turn'd fairly upside down,

I fear me, never to be righted.

When such things are 'mongst Cobblers, Tinkers, Tanners,

The Lord have mercy on the P^{EOPLE}'s *manners*!

Then, Sirs, no *more your* wanton venom spit

At K^{INGS} and Q^{UEENS}, and worthy M^{ISTER} P^{ITT} :

Should the ship founder in this blowing weather,

Like friends and neighbours, let us sink together.

P A R T II.

THINK of old times, when *Royal Folk*
Made of their Subjects a mere joke :
Ev'n in the happy days of good *QUEEN BET*,
Mum was in Parliament the word—
Her very frown, a flaming sword ;
And ev'ry menace put it in a sweat !

Think of the horse-whipping she gave
Th' *AMBASSADOR*—a faucy knave !

E

In

In Latin, too, to make the fellow wonder—

The man was frighten'd at her voice,

And could not then have had his choice ;

He rather would have fac'd a clap of thunder.

Of Lords she often lugg'd the ear ;

And often would her HIGHNESS swear

On BISHOPS, *sacred* men! enough to shock ye.

“ Do this !” her MAJESTY would say—

“ Do that!—God's blood ! I'll have my way !

“ Quick, quick ; or, d—n me, Parsons, I'll unfrock ye !”

What to her PARLIAMENT said she ?

“ Good Gentlemen, I must agree

“ That

- “ That ye are proper judges of the *weather*,
- “ And judges, too, of the *Highways*,
- “ *Hares, Pheasants, Partridges, and Jays* ;
- “ And eke the art of *tanning leather*.
- “ But, as for *Sovereigns, and Dominion*,
- “ ’Tis too *sublime* for *your* opinion.”

Suppose the LIVERYMEN had boldly said

To this SEMIRAMIS of lofty rule,

- “ Your Majesty must knock off CECIL’s head,
- “ And hang up ESSEX for a beast and fool :
- “ We relish not these men’s administration ;
- “ So, Ma’am, dismiss them, and oblige the nation :”—

What

What had the answer been

Of this great Queen ?

Why, to the APOTHECARIES she had roar'd—

“ Ye knaves, who do more mischief than the *sword* !”

“ You vomits, glyster-pipes—the dev'l confound ye !

“ What to such madness, raggamuffins, urges ?

“ Murderers ! I'll make you swallow your own purges !”

“ In your own mortars, rascals, will I pound ye !

“ You, BAKERS, I shall heat your ovens, slaves,

“ And serve you like the three Jew boys, ye knaves,

“ Shadrach, and Meshach, and Abednego :

“ Browner than all your loaves, shall be your skins:

“ Then let us see, if, for your saucy fins,

“ Your God will deign to take ye out or no.

“ You POULTERER, wag not thus your tongue so loose,

“ For fear I pluck ye, as ye pluck your goose.

“ And, MASTER SKINNER, calm your upstart pride—

“ On Marfyas think, your flaming rage to cool,

“ Who, wrestling with his betters, like a fool,

“ Lost, in his struggle for the prize, his *hide*!

“ And MASTER BARBER, mind the beard and wig;

“ And MASTER PIPEMAKER, don't be a prig,

F

“ And

“ And let that *clay* of yours be quite so *stiff* ;
“ Nor in your prowess try to *smoke* a Queen,
“ For fear her MAJESTY’S sharp wrath be seen,
“ And fend you to the devil on a *whiff*.

“ *Leviathans* be catechis’d by *sprats* !

“ Mind, if one more complaint ye bring,

“ By G—, ye dangle like a pack of rats,

“ All in a string !”

Thus to those men the great QUEEN BESS had said,
Bridling and tossing in contempt her head ;
And thus the QUEEN, with equal fury blest,
Had smartly rapp’d the knuckles of the rest.

Then

Then, turning to her marv'ling Lords, her GRACE,
Wiping the sweat that gemm'd her precious face,
Had said, " God's-blood, my Lords, a fine discourse !

" Those fellows talk to *me*—the small-beer dregs !

" *They* teach, forfooth, their grannum to *suck eggs* !

" They'll find the old gray mare the better horse."

Then why should *gentle* GEORGE of pow'r have less.

Than that same furious AMAZON QUEEN BESS ?

What said her *loyal* PARLIAMENT again ?

" We must not move her GRACE's *ire*—

" Lord, bless us ! should we once complain,

“ The *fat will all be in the fire!* ”

“ Low to her feet, like spaniels, we must crawl,

“ Or, lo! she'll play the devil with us all!”

Now, to return to PITT, ye roar,

“ Out with the rascal!—what a bore

“ To keep a fellow that undoes the *realm!*

“ A great *land-lubber!* *he, he, steer*

“ The foundering ship from danger clear!

“ Pretending puppy! *he, he* guide the helm?”

Not long ago, in *Paradise,*

Ye stuff'd his mouth with *figs* and *spice,*

To

To show your love for him and all his schemes ;

Drench'd him with treacle, till besmear'd

Like AARON's patriarchal beard,

From whence the oil of gladness flow'd in streams.

His head with ev'ry grocer-glory crowning ;

And now you are for kicking, hanging, drowning !

So different now, indeed, your carriage,

It puts me much in mind of marriage.

Now love, now hate ; now smile, now tear ;

Now fun, now cloud, now mist, now clear ;

Now music, now a stunning clap of thunder ;

G

Now

Now perfect ease, now spiteful strife,

So much like matrimonial life!

Pray read the pretty little story under ;

A tale well known ;

'Tis JOHN and JOAN.

JOHN and JOAN.

A T A L E.

Hail, wedded Love! the BARD thy beauty hails!

Though mix'd, at times, with cock and hen-like *sparrings*;

But *calms* are very pleasant after *gales*,

And dove-like PEACE, much sweeter after *warrings*.

I've

I've written—I forget the page, indeed ;

But folks may find it, if they choose to read—

“ That MARRIAGE is too *sweet*, without *some sour*—

“ *Variety* oft recommends a *flow'r*.

“ Wedlock should be like *Punch*, some *sweet*, some *acid* ;

“ Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid*.

“ A Picture that is all in *light*—

“ Lord, what a thing! a very *fright*!

“ No, let some *darkness* be *display'd* ;

“ And learn to *balance* well with *shade*.”

JOHN married JOAN—they frown'd, they smil'd;
Now parted, and now made a child:
Now tepid show'rs of LOVE, now chilling *snows*;
Much like the seasons of the year;
Or like a brook, now thick, now clear;
Now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.

One day they had a desperate quarrel
About a little small-beer barrel,
Without JOHN's knowledge slyly tapp'd by JOAN;
For JOAN, t'*oblige* her *old friend* Hodge,
Thought asking leave of JOHN was fudge;
And so she wisely left the leave alone.

It happ'd that JOHN and JOAN had not *two* beds
To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads ;

Ergo, there was but *one*

To rest their gentle jaws upon.

“ I'll have a *board* between us,” cried the *Man*—

“ With all *my* spirit, JOHN,” replied the *wife* :

A *board* was plac'd, according to their plan :

Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay

Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—

Calm as a clock, too, let me say,

JOAN never squinted on her lover.

H

Two,

Two, three, four nights, the sulky PAIR,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose ;
On the fifth morn, it chanc'd to please
JOHN's nose to sneeze—
“ God blefs you, Dear !” quoth JOAN at JOHN's loud nose.

At this JOHN gave a sudden start,
And, popping o'er the hedge, his head—
“ JOAN, did you say it from your *heart* ?”
“ Yes, JOHN, I *did*, indeed, indeed !”
“ You *did* ?” — “ Yes, JOHN, upon my word” —
“ Zounds, JOAN, then take away the *Board* !”

Thus it will be with you and PITT agen ;
Love will beam forth, that ev'ry love furpaffes ;
The GROCERS be *themselves*, sweet-temper'd men,
And fouse him in a hogthead of molaffes.
Thus will CONTENTION take away the *bone*,
And you and PITT kifs friends, like *John* and *Joan*.

ON A
REPORT
IN THE NEWSPAPERS,
That Sir JOSEPH BANKS was made a PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

AN ODE.

Optat ephippia Bos.

YE Gods! SIR JOSEPH of the Council Privy?

Inventive News-papers, I can't believe ye!

Impossible! ye certainly are fibbing!

SIR JOSEPH dubb'd a Counsellor of State!

'Tis laughing at too high a rate;

Lord! what a joke! ye certainly are squibbing!

Because

Because we have believ'd th' apostate PITT,

And shewn such wond'rous want of wit,

Ye think that any fable will go down.

Now, pray be careful, Sirs, of what you print;

There's danger—yes, indeed, there's danger in't—

Woe to the wight that ridicules a Crown!

SIR JOSEPH is for *blunt** *conductors*;

A Monarch wanteth *sharp* *Instructors* :

* Notwithstanding a thousand experiments in favour of *pointed* Conductors, the Knight and Co. will not allow the ingenious Franklin, the Father of Electricity, to be in the right with respect to the superiority of *points* to *nobs*: too obstinate (and perhaps too *ignorant*) to be *convinced*, and too haughty to *yield*.

I

How

How can such monstrous discords then agree ?

Then pray speak truth, ye men of news,

And do not thus the world amuse :

It is not—cannot—must not be !

His M—y is surely wife ;

And wants no talk on butterflies,

On eggs and bird-nests, newts and weeds :

He wants a man to talk on wars,

On dread invasions, wounds, and scars,

On stumps, and carcases, and heads.

After

After a butterfly to scamper,

And with a net his captive hamper,

SIR JOSEPH is expert, and must delight ;

But, as for politics !—O Heav'n !

The Board must very hard be driv'n,

To choose a swearing Tadpole Knight !

To give a breakfast in Soho,

SIR JOSEPH'S very bitterest foe

Must certainly allow him *peerless* merit ;

Where, on a wag-tail, and tom-tit,

He *shines*, and sometimes on a *nit*,

Displaying pow'rs few Gentlemen inherit.

I grant he is no intellectual *lion*,
Subduing ev'ry thing he darts his eye on ;
Rather, I ween, an intellectual *flea*,
Hopping on SCIENCE's broad bony back,
Poking its pert proboscis of attack,
Drawing a *drop* of blood, and fancying it a *sea*!

But *should* reports be true, alas !
(And marv'lous things oft come to pass),
Should he be *dubb'd* a King's adviser ;
'Twill be so wonderful a change—
So very, very, very strange !
What's stranger still, the Council won't be *wiser* !

From

From JOSEPH BANKS unto SIR KNIGHT,

Then PRIVY COUNSELLOR in spite

Of Nature, brain, and education!

If, for the *last*, he hands *bas* kifs'd;

There's not a reptile on his list

E'er knew a stranger transmutation.

How could SIR JOSEPH have the face

To take so dignify'd a place?

But probably the Knight will say, the elf,

“ Why should not I, as well as some of those

“ Who this fame wondrous Board compose?

“ 'There are not wiser fellows than *myself*.'”

K

To

To give the Devil his due,

That's true.—

While PITT harangues on France and Spain,

SIR JOSEPH's on a beetle's brain,

A fly, a toad, a tadpole's tail :

While PITT is on the Emperor's loan,

For Britain's jaws so hard a bone,

SIR JOSEPH's on a weed and snail !

While PITT is thinking of supplies,

And turns, poor man ! his hopeless eyes

On what may lift us from the bog ;

The

The Knight his head for flea-traps rakes,
Or louse-traps, or deep-studying makes
A pair of breeches for a frog.*

While MAJESTY and his wife Nobles
Shall weep o'er England's groans and troubles,
Ordering great guns to make the Frenchmen caper ;
Of reptiles will the Knight be dreaming,
And instruments for insects scheming,
To stretch their little limbs on paper.

Gods !

* See the works of Bonnet and Spalanzani, a pair of *Frog-Tailors*, who employed a great deal of time and ingenuity in cutting out taffety-breeches for the males of the little croaking nation, during their amours, in order to establish some *beautiful* and *delicate* facts relative to impregnation.

Gods! if amidst some grand debate,

All for the good of our great State,

A *moth* should flutter, would the man fit quiet?

Forgetting State Affairs, the KNIGHT

Would seize his hat with wild delight,

And, chacing, make the most infernal riot:

O'erturning benches, statesmen, ev'ry thing,

To make a pris'ner of the mealy wing!

Were BRUNSWICK here, I'd tell the KING OF GLORY

A fimple story;

An Æsop-tale, by way of illustration,

Proving SIR JOSEPH's awkward elevation.

As how a CAT did JUPITER implore,

(For cats like Christians said their pray'rs of yore)

That he would make her a young Lady fair ;

And how, of rattling Thunder the GREAT GOD

Confented to it with his usual nod,

And made her *pretty too* as she could stare.

And then *as how*, upon her wedding-night,

When in her DEARY's loving arms lock'd tight,

She heard behind the bed a rat ;

Sudden from his embrace she gave a spring,

Forgetting love, and kifs, and ev'ry thing,

To catch the vermin like a cat :

L

And

And how, to punish her, with huge disdain,
The angry GOD made Miss a Cat again.

Thus may the KING, like his great Brother JOVE,
Forget his partiality and love ;

And as JOVE justly serv'd the Cat, to shame her ;
So, from a Counfellow, the KING of MEN
May make the KNIGHT a *Grub-hunter* agen,
And bid him mind his butterflies and *hammer* :

* * * Since the above ODE was given to the Printer, it is too true that
the News-papers were in the right. The KNIGHT is bonâ fide dubbed
a PRIVY COUNSELLOR. RIDICULE enjoys a second feast on the

occasion. Her first treat was his elevation to the chair of the immortal
NEWTON.

SIR JOSEPH *must not complain at his being so frequently the subject of a*
poetical laugh; Folly is the natural and fair game of SATIRE. To
wreak his revenge on the Muse, by condemning her to silence, let him
cease to play the fool. Amotâ causâ, tollitur effectus—I beg the
KNIGHT'S *pardon, for I recollect that he has forgotten all his Latin,*
and retains his native vulgar tongue only.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY Bookseller assuring me, with a most solemn countenance, that the Public expect more for their Half-Crown than was provided: in imitation of our most compliable ADMINISTRATION, I have yielded to their hungry wishes, and cooked up a pretty dish of BUBBLE and SQUEAK.

The Composition is Elegiac, that is to say, full of complaint and tenderness; and I have moreover baptized it a Jeremi-ad, on account of a tender and sublime resemblance between my Song and the Songs of the Prophet. The birth of my Jeremi-ad immediately succeeded PITT's and GRENVILLE's two celebrated Bills of Terror.

It pathetically lamenteth the fallen state of ONE of our most admired POETS, videlicet, MYSELF! and is addressed to Mr. GEORGE ROSE, of the Treasury, a pains-taking man, of low extraction, pitiful talents, and of no education; but who, finding, in his journey from Scotland to England, a couple of ladders, very much like those employed by Messieurs PITT, DUNDAS, JENKINSON, and Co. called IMPUDENCE and PERSEVERANCE, ascended, like the aforesaid bold Gentlemen, to nearly the same plane of elevation; shewing thereby the little or no importance of MERIT and MODESTY towards the attainment of Fortune and Honours.

A J E R E M I - A D.

ADDRESSED TO

GEORGE ROSE, *Esq.* of the Treasury.

WHERE is the power of PETER?—where the quills

That from the *Porcupine* at Folly flew?

Where, where his *cannon* that in thunder kills?

The *sword* of SATIRE that its thousands flew?

The voice that like the rams-horns levell'd walls,

Has lost its fury—to a whisper dies!

The look of PITT the Poet's tongue appeals!

“Curs'd be the BARD!” the POLITICIAN cries.

M

What

What fine large shot was mine for high-crown'd heads!

Those glorious pheasants! noble cocks and hens!

But now of *smaller* size I cast my leads,

Forc'd (what a paltry mark!) to fire at *wrens!*

No more I smile at Buc——am's fair house,

Nor sharpen, for a KING and QUEEN, my wit;

No more indulge my humour with a louse,

Content with humbler game, to crack a nit.

Now Madam SCHWELLENBERG her afs may straddle,

And JACK may fly before a poking pin;

The Lady, frighten'd, tumble from her saddle,

And shew her lovely legs without a grin.

The BARD, who bullied QUALITY with song,

Must to the iron times his genius suit ;

The BARD, in energy divinely strong—

The BARD, whose voice was thunder, must be *mute*.

In vain I gnash my teeth—my hour is o'er ;

The Statesman triumphs!—all my cunning foils !

He careth not five farthings for my roar,

But mocks the lion struggling in his toils !

A hopeful CEDAR near th' Aonian fount,

I push'd my daring top into the skies ;

Grac'd with my large, luxuriant limbs the mount,

[And drew the wonder of a million eyes !

Struck

Struck (not *illumin'd*) by their ANGER's flame,

Amid the work of terror, shook my form!

Low to the earth, my head with rev'rence came,

And own'd the passing GENIUS of the Storm!

Who, who could fancy such disgrace, alas!

Heav'ns! what a change!—a mighty change prevails!

The *second* KING of BABYLON at grass!

SATIRE'S ARCHANGEL fall'n to feed on *snails*!

Since PITT and GRENVILLE, daring dreadful things,

Full of their *magnanimities*, agree

That PETER shall not laugh at QUEENS and KINGS,

Permit me, *gentle* GEORGE, to laugh at *Thee*.

THE END.

JUNE 12, 1797.

This Day is published,

N^o XII.

OF THE

GENTLEMAN'S AND CONNOISSEUR'S

DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS,

CONTAINING

A complete COLLECTION, and ACCOUNT, of the most distinguished ARTISTS, who have flourished in the ART of PAINTING, at *Rome, Venice, Naples, Florence*, and other Cities of *Italy*; in *Holland, Flanders, England, Germany, or France*; from the Year 1250, when the Art of Painting was revived by CIMABUE, to the Year 1767; including above Five Hundred Years, and the Number of Artists amounting to near One Thousand Four Hundred.

EXTRACTED FROM

The most authentic Writers who have treated on the Subject of Painting, in Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, French, and Low Dutch.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TWO CATALOGUES;

The one, a CATALOGUE of the DISCIPLES of the most famous MASTERS, for the Use of those who desire to obtain a critical Knowledge of the different Hands and Manners of the different Schools:—The other, a CATALOGUE of those PAINTERS who imitated the Works of the eminent Masters so exactly, as to have their Copies frequently mistaken for Originals.

The Whole being digested in a more easy and instructive Method than has hitherto appeared; and calculated for general Entertainment and Instruction, as well as for the particular Use of the Admirers and Professors of the *Art of Painting*.

By the Rev. M. PILKINGTON, A. M.

VICAR OF DONABATE AND PORTRAINED, IN THE DIOCESE OF DUBLIN.

A NEW EDITION.

Reperire, apta atque reperta docendum
Digerere, atque suo quæque ordine ritè locare,
Durus uterque Labor.

Ut plurimis profimus, enitimus.

VIDA, Lib. 2. Poetic.

CICERO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALKER, N^o 44, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

